

ANNOUNCEMENT

A realistic and life-like reproduction of historic and dramatic events, scenes in foreign countries and frontier life interspersed with comedy and pathos, with occasional magic, including beautifully illustrated songs, are nightly features at the

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Daily Change of Program.

Show opens Monday to Friday nights inclusive at 8 o'clock p. m., closing at 10 p. m. Saturdays 10:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m. The public cordially invited. Single admission 10c. Family circle of 5 or more half price. Weekly Tickets 25c.



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Having purchased the interest of W. G. Reynolds in the above fine standard bred Stallion, I will stand him for the present at livery stable of C. C. Shelburne on Main Street in Bryan. Prospective breeders should look at this horse by all means.

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40 acres and a five-room house at Kurten, \$800. 6 acres and a five-room house southwest part of town, \$1,800. Family residence fronting on court house square, \$2,000.

Visiting With Johnny.

"I think the mother of a six-year-old boy should have a pension to make up to her for the mental agony she suffers," said just such a mother. "I took Johnny to his paternal grandfather's last week and believe he has cut us out of grandfather's will. Of course we send him to Sunday school, and we both attend church, but we do not ask a blessing at the table, nor do we have family prayers. Grandfather does, and it happened that the morning after we arrived Johnny was excused from the table and went out in the yard to play. Grandfather led the way into the sitting room, and we all knelt down in prayer. Imagine my horror to see Johnny's little face peering curiously through the blinds and hear him sing out: 'Hey, in there! What kind of a game is that you're playing? Ain't you the rotten lunch not to let me in on it?' I arose and softly whispered to him to run on and play, and he sang out: 'You're it, mamma; you're it! Make a home run.' Now, what can you do with a small boy, anyway? I can never explain matters to his grandfather."—New York Times.

The Physician.

Dr. Cathelin of Paris declares that no person who does not possess certain "six moral senses" should attempt to enter the medical profession—viz, the sense of duty, the sense of responsibility, the sense of kindness, the sense of manual skill (which he subdivides into the sense of boldness and the sense of prudence), the sense of beauty and the social role. "The sense of duty toward the patient," so he is quoted by the Boston Globe, "is the very first requisite in a physician. It can only arise from a positive and innate altruism or love of one's fellow creatures—a quality similar to that which moves the hospital nurse to the care of the stricken. There can be no personal sensitiveness nor lack of interest in details, as against an absorbing curiosity that complicated cases arouse, and yet, with all this sense of duty, which calls for extreme goodness and sensitiveness of heart, he must not show a trace of emotion when his duty calls him to operate on a McKinley, a Carnot or a Frederick II."

A Truthful Description.
In an illustrated description of the game of tennis Simplicitas says: "Like all good things, lawn tennis is of English origin. Marie Stuart while a prisoner was compelled to beat carpets which were hung over a rail. Not contented with this humiliation, her sister, Queen Elizabeth, once threw a dead mouse at the unfortunate Marie while the latter was beating carpets. The little defunct rodent was caught on Marie's nail and sent back over the rail and was returned to her by means of a nail in the hands of Elizabeth, and thus the game of tennis originated." Further on in the same description it is said, "Two sets are formed, and while these flirt at the edge of the court others stand near the net and make efforts to speak English."

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OLD ANNE ROYALL

She Was Once One of the Quaint Characters of Washington.

Old, queer, sharp tongued Anne Royall, traveler, editress and interviewer, was for many years a familiar figure in the streets of Washington, trotting indomitably about her business, very poor, very persistent, often troublesome, often rebuffed, but with qualities of honesty and courage to be respected.

There is given in the story of her life by Sarah Harvey Porter a delightful glimpse of her visit to ex-President Madison and his wife. The contrast between the gracious mature beauty of charming Dolly Madison, elegant in her rustling black silk, and the funny little limping, shabby figure in antiquated skirts and ridiculous wadded bonnet, could scarcely have been enhanced.

As usual, old Anne Royall had tramped to save carriage hire; as usual, her errand, probably none too welcome to her hosts, was to secure an interview and use a descriptive background. But Dolly Madison saw in the absurd, inquisitive, bespattered person before her neither the reporter nor the guy—only an aged and weary woman who was her guest. She hurried to bring her a glass of water, then quite simply stooped and retied her loosened shoe laces and wiped the Virginia mud from the tired old feet.

It is small wonder that Mrs. Royall's clothes were queer. She was scarcely of a bent of mind frivolously to pursue the fashions had she had the time and money, but she had neither. Her paper, the Huntress, of which she was owner, editor and chief reporter, once published conspicuously on the editorial page a notice which is perhaps unique in journalism:

"No paper will be issued from this office this week. We really must take one week once in ten years to fix up our wardrobe, which is getting shabby. Our next issue will welcome congress."

WILD GEESSE.

They Never Feed Without Throwing Out Scouts or Sentries.

Some of the common sayings concerning birds are stupidly wrong. "You stupid goose!" is an expression constantly heard, yet the goose, whether wild or tame, is most sagacious. Wild geese, for instance, never feed without throwing out scouts or sentries. J. G. Millais describes how he saw a flock of geese feeding with sentries out and how after a time one of the sentries went up to a bird that was feeding and gave it a gentle peck on the back. The latter thereupon left its grazing and went off to take up guard, while the sentry took its turn to feed.

"Gentle as a dove" is such a common proverb that the dove has become the emblem of peace. Quite a mistake, for all the dove and pigeon tribe are great fighters, and in the breeding season the cock birds indulge in battles royal.

The foolish prejudice against all birds of prey includes that pretty little hawk the kestrel. Now, if the kestrel were known as the mouse falcon it is possible that keepers would not invariably shoot it on sight. The kestrel lives mainly on mice and wireworms. It is quite innocent of killing partridges.

In a game preserving district in southern Scotland kestrels were practically exterminated a few years ago. What was the result? Over a tract of country of 1,200 square miles field mice increased in such myriads that the grazing was absolutely ruined. One sheep farmer lost \$8,000 in one year.—Exchange.

The Wheel Problem.

Which, at any given moment, is moving forward faster—the top of a coach wheel or the bottom?

The answer to this question seems simple enough, but probably nine persons out of ten, asked at random, would give the wrong reply. It would appear at first sight that the top and bottom must be moving at the same rate—that is, the speed of the carriage. But by a little thought it will be discovered that the bottom of the wheel is in fact, by the direction of its motion around its axis, moving backward, in an opposite direction to that which the carriage is advancing and is consequently stationary in space, while the point on top of the wheel is moving forward with the double velocity of its own motion around the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.

The Whistle Tankard.

A rare form of drinking vessel is in the possession of the corporation of Hull. This is a whistle tankard which belonged to Anthony Lambert, mayor of Hull in 1609. This fine specimen of old English silverware is fitted with a whistle, which comes into play when the tankard is empty and is evidently meant to be used as a signal for more liquor. It is said that only one other whistle tankard is to be found in England, so temperate is England now!—London Chronicle.

Willing to Entertain Her.

My entrance upon my career as a charity visitor was as a volunteer. I arrayed myself for my first attempt with misgiving in my heart. I was so afraid of my reception. I found my first address on the third floor of a rear tenement, stumbled up the dark stairs and timidly knocked at the door. It was opened instantly by a small boy who peered at me curiously.

"Is—your mother in?" I inquired. "No'm," was the prompt reply. "She's gone to see the doctor. But you can come in."

He held the door hospitably open, and I stepped across the threshold and entered. I selected a chair and sat down. The small boy wriggled into a chair opposite.

"I have fits," he announced, with importance.

"What's that?" I stammered. "I have 'em often," he went on eagerly. "Fits—real fits. I may have one any time. I might have one right now."

But I was already in the hall.

"You won't stay?" he shouted after me aggrievedly. "She'll be right back."

But a very much upset volunteer visitor was already out of hearing.—New York Herald.

A Long Dive.

"A circus came to a little town in Tennessee," said Colonel Robert M. Gates in the Saturday Evening Post, "and one of the attractions was a high diver, a chap who dove from the top of the tent into a shallow tank, which is a feat common enough, but which created a deal of talk in that locality."

"The wisecracks were talking about it at the store. Many of them thought it could not be done without killing the diver, but one old man insisted that it was perfectly feasible."

"What do you know about diving?" he was asked.

"Waal," he replied, "nothin' in particular about that kind of divin', but I used to have a cousin who was the longest diver ye ever see."

"Longest diver?" scoffed the other sitters. "Where'd he dive?"

"Oncet," replied the old man, "he bet a thousand dollars he could dive from Liverpool to New York."

"Did he do it?"

"Nop, not that time. Ye see, he kinder miscalculated an' come up in Denver."

The Captain's Regret.

"Some years ago," said a military man, "there was a certain German private soldier named Andree. This was a short time after Aeronaut Andree's sensational departure for the north pole in his airship. Well, the kaiser, reviewing some troops one day, asked a number of men their names, and Andree was among this number. The kaiser smiled at him good humoredly.

"So your name is Andree, eh?" the kaiser said. "Do you know you've got a very famous namesake?"

"Yes, your majesty," the soldier answered.

"And who told you that?" said the kaiser.

"My captain, your majesty," said the soldier.

"Aha, your captain, eh? And what did your captain tell you about Andree?"

"He said, your majesty, that he only wished Andree had taken me with him!"

The Broom at the Masthead.

There still exists a very old custom among seamen of displaying a broom at the masthead of ships intended to be sold to indicate that they are to be "swept away." The custom originated with the famous Dutch admiral Tromp, who when he appeared off the English coast hoisted a broom to show his intention of sweeping the English fleet from the sea. The English admiral, replying to this impudent signal, immediately hoisted a horsewhip to show the arrogant Dutchman that he meant to give him a drubbing. For this reason a pennant is oftentimes dubbed "the horsewhip" by seafaring men. Sea lore, of course, is full of symbolism, and the broom is only one of many signs used that have a metaphorical meaning.—London Globe.

Perversity.

"One peculiarity of melancholia," said a specialist, "is that the victim of it actually enjoys the despondency and often doesn't want to be cured. I once told a young woman who had this disease that she must be careful of her digestion and eat nothing fried. After that she tried to eat only fried food. Not only did she insist on having her potatoes and meat fried, but didn't want to eat bread unless it had been fried in a lot of grease."—New York Tribune.

Title Insurance.

Heiress—Do you examine titles, Mr. Lawyer? Lawyer—I do, ma'am. Heiress—Well, this is my fiancé, Lord Preservous. I'd like you to examine his title before we get married. I'd hate to get stung.—Judge.

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